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Resident

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**Resident***Navid Shams*

Reminiscent, I close my eyes and think about us
and our first years in the field of medicine.
You, scarecrow, that sacred defender
of its solidarity, ugly
cousin of the man named malpractice.

Those early days,
surely that was the way
it wasn't going to be.
So easy. So hopeful for a few days,
as I entertained forged synapses,
met a socialite threshold, burning diesel,
then they arrived by email,
all electric, and it all changed.
Unlike memories, habits developed die hard.

Now, while listening to you whine,
me and a malbec drift away,
rediscover simplicities,
a couch and a convo,
wondering about what could have been,
dental school, anything really.

Then I return to you, agitated and in need
of advice, looking for the selfless few,
escaping to tv and lethargy.
Troubled. Test and toast, shot, shot,
black out, we all open up.
Passed out, cubbied, hunched over and lonely,
coming home covered in an odor,
pungent in the way only sterility can be.
Wide-eyed,
just to stare down a microscope.

The multiple stresses of a traditional approach.
A sacrificed anatomy but at least you made the mark.
A slave now and when will I hear that canary sing?
Maybe never, hopefully soon, probably tomorrow.
Dates, another thing I learned not to share with reality.
Either way I'm happy, like the only crow hidden in your shade,
reaping the spoils others avoid.